



SONGS
THE SQUADRON
TAUGHT ME

June 14, 1930



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CAISSON SONG.

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
Hear those caissons go rolling along,
In and out, hear them shout, Counter-march and
Left-about,
As those caissons go rolling along.
Then its hi, hi, hee, for the Field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong;
Where e'er you go, you will always know
That those caissons go rolling along.



CAVALRY.

Cavalry, Cavalry,
Trot trot trot trot trot trot trot,
Trot trot trot till your —— is hot;
Cavalry, Cavalry,
Horses, horses, horses, horses,
Cavalry.

THE DUST CLOUD.

"A high and thin cloud of dust indicates cavalry." (Field Service Regulations.)

(TUNE—"John Peel")

(Words by CARLETON S. COOKE.)

Have you seen Troop D, by the sunrise red,
When Squadron A rides out ahead,
With saddles packed and horses fed,
As they take the road in the morning.

CHORUS:

At the trumpet call, at the break of day,
Form troop and mount and ride away,
And the dust is high and thin and gray
Above Troop D in the morning.

For when that high dust cloud you see,
Then look out for the cavalry;
When the horses tramp and the road is free
When they take the road in the morning.

Now here's to the horse and the sabers true
And the cracking Colts and the Springfields blue,
And here, Troop D, is luck to you,
When you take the road in the morning.

(Last verse softly)

And you'll find four troops at the end of the day
When the tents are pitched in the evening gray,
The old four troops of Squadron A,
By the road they took in the morning.

F TROOP SONG.

As Troop F goes riding by,
All the senoritas sigh,
A hundred troopers knee to knee,
Pride of all the Cavalry,
As Troop F goes riding by.
In the camp or in the field,
There are none to whom we yield,
At the gallop, walk or trot,
We can show them all what's what,
As Troop F goes riding by.

As Troop K goes riding by,
With sore tail and weak cry,
Fifteen yards between each four,
Sometimes less and sometimes more,
As Troop K goes riding by.
At a dance or at a tea,
They may shine, but hully gee,
At the gallop, walk or trot,
Can they ride? Well I guess not,
As Troop K goes riding by.

FIVE TROOPS OF THE SQUADRON.

(TUNE—"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.")

Captain Vietor's troop is grand,
It likes to ride behind the band,
Perhaps that's way no horse will stand,
For E troop of the Squadron.

CHORUS:

Away, away, now here we come,
Going some, chuck full of rum,
Looking for someone to put on the bum,
The five troops of the Squadron.

Captain Lull's social lights,
Sometimes drill on Thursday nights,
They'd rather skirmish at pink tea fights,
That F troop of the Squadron.

Captain Drowne can't get tight,
Though his troop drinks from morn to night,
They're always up in the morning bright,
That K troop of the Squadron.

VERSES OF 1912

(Words by PRENTICE STRONG.)

Captain Townsend's troop is grand,
It marches right behind the band,
That may be why no horses stand,
For Troop One of A Squadron.

Captain Outerbridge's social lights,
They sometimes drill on Thursday nights,
They'd rather skirmish at pink tea fights,
In Troop Two of A Squadron.

Captain Wright can't get tight,
Though his troopers sit up and drink all night,
For they're always up in the morning bright,
In Troop Three of A Squadron.

Captain Olmsted's baby troop
He found one night in Stowe Phelps' stoop,
He nursed it through the measles and croup,
Into Troop Four of A Squadron.

Sergeant Sheldon's bunch of drunks,
Who carry machine guns in their trunks,
Will never be taken for holy monks—
The Gun Squad of A Squadron.

THE SONG OF THE COCAWAYS.

Away, away, with rum, by gum,
Here we come, here we come,
Away, away, with rum, by gum,
So Cockaway Tally-Ho!

(Repeat in ascending keys.)

FOUR FEET FROM HEAD TO CROUP.

(TUNE—United States Marines.)

There is one thing in the cavalry
That every trooper knows;
He hears it every morning, noon and night,
It follows him where'er he goes.
For when he's marching on the road,
In squad, platoon or troop,
Every mile or so some bird will crow,
"Four feet from head to croup."

Now he hears that same thing every day,
Until he knows the words by heart.
Even when he's walking with his girl,
They make them keep four feet apart.
And when they seek those golden gates
And up the pearly stairs they troop,
Just as sure as hell Saint Pete will yell,
"Four feet from head to croup!"

GENERAL ROE, 1913.

(TUNE—Row, Row, Row!)

(Words by RODMAN GILDER.)

Way back in '89 there came to this town
A fine young cavalryman, husky and brown.
But a horseman you can't cure——
He missed the smell of horse manure.
We had a bunch of Hussars he had been told.
(Troop A had just been foaled.)
They made him Captain of the Hussars——
On his shoulders now are golden stars!

CHORUS:

For it was Roe, Roe, Roe,
The best we ever had was Roe, Roe, Roe.
When hell was popping and the jamboree began,
He was in the van——
A fighter and a horseman and a double fisted man.
For it was Roe, Roe, Roe,
There never was a boy like Roe, Roe, Roe, Roe, O!
So the guard we'll turn out
For the bully old scout——
For General Roe, Roe, Roe.

GOOD NIGHT, CARRANZA.

(TUNE—"Good Night, Poor Harvard.")

Good night, Carranza,
Carranza, good night;
We've got your number,
We're not too proud to fight;
For we have five hundred troopers,
All roaring tight.
When Squadron A gets after you,
Carranza, GOOD NIGHT!



THE GRINGO GRENADIERS.

(Mexican Border Campaign, 1916.)

O list to us, we're tough young fellows,
We're the cavalry from New York,
You can tell we're army broken,
For we eat the army pork.
We've come down to the Border
To lend a willing hand
And keep the folks in order
Along the Rio Grande.
Our machine guns never jam, and we do not give a damn,
We ride like the devil on the rough and the level,
For we ride for Uncle Sam.
And the girls, the pretty dears,
Are in love up to their ears,
They say Hooray for Squadron A
And the Gringo Grenadiers.

Our machine guns roar as we go to war
And the infantry are awful sore,
And they envy the punch of the Squadron bunch
And the Gringo—Grenadiers!

THE HARLEM HUSSARS: RIOT DUTY.

(1925, modified to date.)

(TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee.")

To the Troops of the Squadron 'twas Egleston spoke,
"There's a garment strike on and it's got to be broke,
So ye lawyers and bankers and salesmen so free,
Turn out—you're Hussars of the N. Y. N. G."

CHORUS:

Come borrow some sabers and spurs and a gun,
Come saddle some horses, come up on the run,
Come open the armory, let me ride free
With the hell-roaring Harlem Hussars of Troop D.

The perturbed troop commanders then form their platoons,
Of lancers, chasseurs, cuirassiers and dragoons;
The enraged garment-workers they pale at the look,
Of the Uhlans of Reynolds and Cossacks of Cooke!

As along ninety-fourth street the cavaliers ride,
The horses all shimmy and toddle and slide—
There are wild garment-workers three thousand times three,
With scissors and clubs for to welcome Troop D.

The strikers are gathered in Washington Square,
Their war-cry, "oi, oi, gewald!" pierces the air;
But engagements prevent their remaining to see
The terrible charge of Hussars of Troop D.

He waved his proud hand, and the horses all cough,
The spurs are dug in and the warriors fall off;
To the clank of the Madison Avenue cars
Die away the wild notes of the Harlem Hussars.

HELLO, HELLO, SQUADRON A.

(TUNE—"Hello, Hello, New York Town.")

(Words by KNOWLTON DURHAM.)

Hello! Hello! Squadron A,
We're going down to Mexico;
Everything down there is in a mess
And it's up to Uncle Sam I guess,
So put on your breeches and your boots,
Bring along old Bessie* if you sure she shoots——
Hurry, hurry down this way——
Hullo, hullo, Squadron A.

(Subsequent verse, composed on the Border.)

Hullo, hullo, Squadron A,
We're going back to New York town——
Everything up there is at its best
And we're going home to have a rest;
So take off those breeches and those boots,
Get out your dinner coats and old dress suits,
Hurry, hurry up this way——
Highballs, rolling, on Broadway.

*Constipated Bessie was the name of the first machine gun issued.

HOME BOYS HOME! 1898.

(TUNE—"The North Countree.")

Here I'm in the guard house awaiting my discharge,
To Hell with the sergeant and the corporal of the guard.
I'm going back to New York, I don't care a damn.
I'll tell about the rotten pork I had with Uncle Sam.

CHORUS :

For it's Home, boys, Home, and it's Home you ought to be;
Home boys, Home, in your own countree;
Where the ash and the oak, and the bonny willow tree,
They all grow together up in North Amerikee.

If you're feeling rocky and perhaps a little ill,
You go to the Doctor and he gives you a pill,
Then if you should die, he doesn't care a damn.
The Doctor's done his duty, you belong to Uncle Sam.

Then there is the Adjutant, the worst of them all,
He's out on parade ground before the first call,
And if you're out the night before, and look a little pale,
It's "Sergeant, do you duty, put the son of a gun in jail!"



IN THE CAVALRY.

In the Cavalry, in the Cavalry,
That's where I would be;
In the Cavalry, in the Cavalry,
That's the place for me-e-e;
With a good old scout beside me,
I care not what betide me,
And I don't give a damn for any old man
Who is not in the Cavalry.

LAUGHING SONG.

(TUNE—"Solomon Levi.")

(Words by C. W. HANDY.)

They said, "Won't you join A Troop
We drill on Monday nights,
We're called 'Dave Stuart's Darlings'
Or 'Cowperthwait's Delights'."

But I looked the outfit over
In the ring the other day;
And when they asked me once again
Why, all that I could say, was

Ha-ha-ha. . . .

I met a man from B Troop
Who'd just been up to drill,
And all that he could talk about
Was a harmless little spill.
He may be good at dancing
Or drinking half and half;
But when he said, "Come join B Troop."
All I could do was laugh, so

Ha-ha-ha. . . .

To make and break camp quickly
Is D Troop's special pride
When drilling on the tan bark
With their horses safely tied.
But I saw them on maneuvers
And heard them grunt and curse,
A bunch of drunken sailors,
Couldn't do a thing much worse, Oh

Ha-ha-ha. . . .

Two members of the Gun Troop said,
"See how we drink and chew,
We sing a bunch of red hot songs."
"That's right," I said, "Yo'u do."
I willingly admitted
That I liked the way they swore,
But when they said, "We ride and shoot,"
I just rolled on the floor, Oh,

Ha-ha-ha. . . .

THE MAJOR.

How'd you like to be the Major,
How'd you like to be his aide,
How'd you like to ride beside him,
When the Squadron's on parade?
Watch him bollix up his orders,
Watch his seat in the saddle slam;
Oh I hate to tell, but I might as well,
I don't like the Major for good gosh damn.



MEXICAN BORDER.

O we've been down for the last six months
On the banks of the Rio Grande,
We've eaten a lot of pork and beans,
And we've hiked all over the land;
We've enjoyed our stay immensely,
We've drilled hard every day—
But now the summer's over, the time has come to say—
When do we go home, boys, when do we return?
The girls are getting lonely and they miss us;
The Broadway lights are burning,
The office needs us back.
When are those Pullmans coming, General?

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE.

Old soldiers never die
Hi Hi Hi, Hi, Hi, Hi,
Old soldiers never die
They simply fade away.



RECRUIT SONG.

(TUNE—"When You Wore a Tulip.")

I'm a recruit, Sir,
A green one to boot, Sir,
I've just commenced to ride,
I ride on the cantle and eat off the mantel,
And I'm all chopped up inside!
When I'm a'straddle, I rock in the saddle,
I can hardly force a smile;
But I'll bet you a cookie,
When you were a rookie,
You only touched once in a while!

THIRD TROOP.

(Words by ARMISTEAD FITZHUGH.)

Fall in! Saddles and bridles.
Fours left! Down to the line.
Cover off! Saddle you wobblies.
Don't take that bridle of mine!

Mount up! Hard riding troopers.
Form troop! (See that brass shine.)
Eyes front! Here comes the Skipper.
Third Troop first off the line!

Forward ho! Follow the Skipper.
Trot ho! Gather those reins.
Gallop ho! Ride out you wobblies.
Hold back there, use your brains!

Lead on! K Troop guidon.
Stand out! Wave in the breeze.
Follow on! K Troopers.
Gallop through! Ride at ease!



TROOP A JOY SONG.

(TUNE—Yip-i-addie-i-ai.)

Yip-i-addie, Troop A, Troop A!
Yip-i-addie, Troop A!
Out for a frolic or out for a fight,
Out for all day and then out for all night.
Yip-i-addie, Troop A, Troop A!
We just want to holler Hooray!
For water's our drink—
Yes it is—we don't think!
Yip-i-addie, Troop A!

TROOP SONG 1910.

(TUNE—"Rings on His Fingers, Bells on His Toes.")

(Words by RODMAN GILDER.)

Now, Dr. Lance, I fear my chance of having kids is slim,
Won't you suggest just what is best, the doctor answers
him.

To stipulate virility, enlist in Squadron A,
You'll soon have three or four; and then you'll have some
more,
Until there are a score a-creeping 'round the floor.

CHORUS:

For—he—has—rings on his buzby and bells on his boots;
He knocks out a bull's eye every time he shoots;
The highest form of animal life, biologists all say,
Is a trooper of the Squadron, Hooray!

When Youngs was green, 'twas plainly seen he simply
hated booze,
Indeed at first, he had no thirst, he always would refuse;
But when he joined this outfit, he loosened up a bit,
And if you follow his trail to-night, you cannot fail
To find him drinking ale or whiskey by the pail.

TROOP III SONG 1911.

(Music by G. J. S. WHITE.)

(Words by RODMAN GILDER.)

Now the Gov'nor, he said
To the Gen'ral in command,
"I want to speak frankly as I told yer.
"Throughout the Empire State,
"The voter, he is great,
"But tell me what you think about the soldier."

CHORUS:

There's just one State establishment—
N. G. N. Y., that's no lie,
The arm of it that always lands the punch
It is the Cavalree.
The best of New York Cavalry,
Inspectors say, is Squadron A,
And in the Squadron there's just a single troop
And that is, by heck! Troop Three!

SOME ALSO SING.

A Hunting We Will Go.

Argyrol.

Brighton.

Diddling.

Down in the Sergeant's Tent.

Ephraim Brown the Sailor.

Every Good Ship.

Fairy Town.

Hamburg Show.

I Saw a Little Crab.

I'm a Military Harlot.

Harlot of Jerusalem.

Jolly Tinker.

King of England.

Latrines.

Limerick Song (Won't You Come Up To Me).

Little Brown Jug.

Little Red-Wing.

Lysol.

Mademoiselle from Armentiers.

One Day in November.

One Eyed Riley.

Prepare to Mount.

Stables.

Yi Yi Yippi Yippi Yi.

Wednesday Night.